To Mr Robert Whitehall at the Wels at Astrop.

PRorogued terme prolongs our meeting,
Accept then Robin this for greeting,
As much as if in Belgick Roomer,
We dranke all Astrop this hot Summer,
W' have cur'd the Scurvy, yes and a-Toe,
By sending Ano-waters κατα;
I have seven Doctors, not in Rockets
That ply the Waters, but in pockets,
But that so many Dunnes and Leeches
Have drained quite my Physick breeches,
Ab ipso fonte, not, that's cooler,
But in Bottles Trio-bolar
We dayly tope, rare cure Sple-netick,
By Diaphor and Dieu-retick.
Under my Roome, that's high you'l say,
Are men of Via lactea,
Which every morning come to clear-um
With whey, which some call Lactis serum.
I am a water-Ratt, my skill is
To follow thee and Doctor Willis:
For if these prove not good as Spaw,
Or Tunbridge, then I must have Law,
When our Vice-Chancellour we speedily greet,
For these I write are my best feet:
And so have at thee, I am bouzing
In bottles six that's half a dozen,
Which makes us frisk like any Satyrs,
But not with wood Nymphs, no such matters;

Keep

Keep with thy Gallants and their Paddyes,
For we want nothing, not your Ladyes:
And now as any thing of Fame,
So Astrop *waters change their name;*
Their Cures into their Titles go,
As Rivulets to the Seas flow;
Wherefore whatso'ere your dosing cupp
Seemes to powre out at Asterop.
It ends in sovereign; under Seale
Declar'd the Pan-obstruction-Healer
Like to a Prince in triumph seen,
Or'e Scurvy, Stone, Astmas, *and* Spleen:
Therefore let none my friends defeate you
Potate strenuè, & Valete.

E. G.

Edm: Geyton Esqr
Bedle of physicke
a° 1666.
in the time of long
vacation.